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## VERSES WRITTEN IN INDIA.

*FOURTH EDITION.*

# VERSES WRITTEN IN INDIA.

BY

SIR ALFRED LYALL.



LONDON :

*KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD*

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I.

THE OLD PINDAREE.

*\* On the Nerbada, 1866.*

ALLAH is great, my children, and kind to a  
slave like me ;

The great man's tent is gone from under the  
peepul tree ;

With his horde of hungry retainers, and oil-  
fed sons of the quill ;

I paid them the bribes they wanted, and  
Satan may settle my bill.

It's not that I care for the money, or expect  
a dog to be clean,

If I were lord of the ryots, they'd starve ere  
I grew lean ;

*THE OLD PINDAREE.*

But I'd sooner be robbed by a tall man who  
showed me a yard of steel,  
Than be fleeced by a sneaking Baboo, with  
a belted knave at his heel.

There goes my lord the Feringhee, who talks  
so civil and bland,  
Till he raves like a soul in Jehannum if I  
don't quite understand ;  
He begins by calling me Sáhib, and ends by  
calling me Fool ;  
He has taken my old sword from me, and  
tells me to set up a school ;

Set up a school in the village ! "And my  
wishes are," says he,  
"That you make the boys learn regular, or  
you'll get a lesson from me ;"  
Well, Ramlal the oilman spites me, and  
pounded my cow last rains ;

THE OLD PINDAREE,

He's got three greasy young urchins; I'll see  
that *they* take pains.

Then comes a Settlement Hákim, to teach  
us to plough and to weed,  
(I sowed the cotton he gave me, but first I  
boiled the seed)

He likes us humble farmers, and speaks so  
gracious and wise

As he asks of our manners and customs; I  
tell him a parcel of lies.

"Look," says the school Feringhee, "what a  
silly old man you be,

"You can't read, write, nor cypher, and your  
grandsons do all three;

"They'll total the shopman's figures, and  
reckon the tenant's corn,

"And read good books about London and  
the world before you were born."

Well, I may be old and foolish, for I've  
seventy years well told,  
And the Franks have ruled me forty, so my  
heart and my hand's got cold;  
Good boys they are, my grandsons, I know,  
but they'll never be men,  
Such as I was at twenty-five when the sword  
was king of the pen ;

When I rode a Dekhani charger, with the  
saddle-cloth gold-laced,  
And a Persian sword, and a twelve foot  
spear, and a pistol at my waist;  
My son ! He keeps a pony, and I grin to see  
him astride,  
Jogging away to the market, and swaying  
from side to side.

My father was an Afghán, and came from  
Kandahar :

He rode with Nawáb Amir Khan in the old  
Maratha war :

From the Dekhan to the Himalay, five  
hundred of one clan,

They asked no leave of prince or chief as  
they swept thro' Hindusthan ;

My mother was a Brahminee, but she clave  
to my father well ;

She was saved from the sack of Juleysur,  
when a thousand Hindus fell ;

Her kinsmen died in the sally ; so she fol-  
lowed where he went,

And lived like a bold Patháni in the shade of  
a rider's tent.

It's many a year gone by now ; and yet I  
often dream

Of a long dark march to the Jumna, of  
splashing across the stream,



*THE OLD PINDAREE.*

Of the waning moon on the water, and the  
spears in the dim star-light,  
As I rode in front of my mother, and  
wondered at all the sight.

Then, the streak of the pearly dawn—the  
flash of a sentinel's gun,  
The gallop and glint of horsemen who  
wheeled in the level sun,  
The shots in the clear still morning, the white  
smoke's eddying wreath,  
Is this the same land that I live in, the dull  
dank air that I breathe?

But the British chased Amcer Khan, and the  
roving times must cease,  
My father got this village, and he sowed his  
crops in peace;  
And I, so young and hot of blood, I had no  
land or wife,

*THE OLD PINDAREE.*

So I took to the hills of Malwa, and the free  
Pindáree life.

Praise to the name Almighty! there is no

• God but one!

Mahomed is his prophet, and his will shall  
ever be done;

Ye shall take no use for your money, nor  
your faith for a ransom sell;

Ye shall make no terms with the infidel, but  
smite his soul to hell.

Tell me, ye men of Islam, who are rotting in  
shameful ease,

Who wrangle before the Feringhee for a  
poor man's last rupees,

Are ye better than were your fathers, who  
plundered with old Cheetoo,

And who fleeced the greedy traders, as the  
traders now fleece you?

Yes, and here's one of them coming, my  
father gave him a bill ;

I have paid the man twice over, and here I'm  
paying him still ;

He shows me a long stamp-paper, and must  
have my land, must he ?

If I were twenty year younger he'd get six  
feet by three.

And if I were forty years younger, with my  
life before me to choose,

I wouldn't be lectured by Káfirs, or bullied  
by fat Hindoos ;

But I'd go to some far-off country where  
Musalmáns still are men,

Or take to the jungle, like Cheetoo, and die  
in the tiger's den.

## II.

### THEOLOGY IN EXTREMIS :

*Or a soliloquy that may have been delivered  
in India, June, 1857.*

"They would have spared life to any of their English prisoners who should consent to profess Mahometanism, by repeating the usual short formula; but only one half-caste cared to save himself in that way."—  
*Extract from an Indian newspaper.*

### MORITURUS LOQUITUR.

OFt in the pleasant summer years,  
Reading the tales of days bygone,  
I have mused on the story of human tears,  
All that man unto man has done,  
Massacre, torture, and black despair;  
Reading it all in my easy-chair.

Passionate prayer for a minute's life ;  
Tortured crying for death as rest ;  
Husband pleading for child or wife,  
Pitiless stroke upon tender breast.  
Was it all real as that I lay there  
Lazily stretched on my easy-chair ?

Could I believe in those hard old times,  
Here in this safe luxurious age ?  
Were the horrors invented to season rhymes,  
Or truly is man so fierce in his rage ?  
What could I suffer, and what could I dare ?  
I who was bred to that easy-chair.

They were my fathers, the men of yore,  
Little they recked of a cruel death ;  
They would dip their hands in a heretic's  
gore,  
They stood and burnt for a rule of faith.  
What would I burn for, and whom not spare ?  
I, who had faith in an easy-chair.

Now do I see old tales are true,  
Here in the clutch of a savage foe ;  
Now shall I know what my fathers knew,  
Bodily anguish and bitter woe,  
Naked and bound in the strong sun's glare,  
Far from my civilized easy-chair.

Now have I tasted and understood  
That old world feeling of mortal hate ;  
For the eyes all round us are hot with blood ;  
They will kill us coolly—they do but wait ;  
While I, I would sell ten lives, at least,  
For one fair stroke at that devilish priest

Just in return for the kick he gave,  
Bidding me call on the prophet's name ;  
Even a dog by this may save  
Skin from the knife, and soul from the  
flame ;

My soul ! if he can let the prophet burn it,  
But life is sweet if a word may earn it.

A bullock's death, and at thirty years !  
Just one phrase, and a man gets off it ;  
Look at that mongrel clerk in his tears  
Whining aloud the name of the prophet ;  
Only a formula easy to patter,  
And, God Almighty, what *can* it matter ?

"Matter enough," will my comrade say  
Praying aloud here close at my side,  
"Whether you mourn in despair alway,  
Cursed for ever by Christ denied ;  
Or whether you suffer a minute's pain  
All the reward of Heaven to gain."

Not for a moment faltereth he,  
Sure of the promise and pardon of sin ;  
Thus did the martyrs die, I see,  
Little to lose and muckle to win ;

Death means Heaven, he longs to receive it,  
But what shall I do if I don't believe it?

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,  
Fain would I speak one word and be  
spared;

Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,  
If I were only sure God cared;  
If I had faith, and were only certain  
That light is behind that terrible curtain.

But what if He listeth nothing at all  
Of words a poor wretch in his terror may  
say?

That mighty God who created all  
To labour and live their appointed day;  
Who stoops not either to bless or ban,  
Weaving the woof of an endless plan.

He is the Reaper, and binds the sheaf,  
Shall not the season its order keep?



Can it be changed by a man's belief?

Millions of harvests still to reap ;  
Will God reward, if I die for a creed,  
Or will He but pity, and sow more seed ?

Surely He pities who made the brain,  
When breaks that mirror of memories  
sweet,  
When the hard blow falleth, and never again  
Nerve shall quiver nor pulse shall beat ;  
Bitter the vision of vanishing joys ;  
Surely He pities when man destroys.

Here stand I on the ocean's brink,  
Who hath brought news of the further  
shore ?  
How shall I cross it? Sail or sink,  
One thing is sure, I return no more ;  
Shall I find haven, or aye shall I be  
Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea ?

They tell fair tales of a far-off land,  
Of love rekindled, of forms renewed;  
There may I only touch one hand  
Here life's ruin will little be rued;  
But the hand I have pressed and the voice I  
have heard,  
To lose them for ever, and all for a word!

Now do I feel that my heart must break  
All for one glimpse of a woman's face;  
Swiftly the slumbering memories wake  
Odour and shadow of hour and place;  
One bright ray through the darkening past  
Leaps from the lamp as it brightens last,

Showing me summer in western land  
Now, as the cool breeze murmureth  
In leaf and flower—And here I stand  
In this plain all bare save the shadow of  
death;

Leaving my life in its full noonday,  
And no one to know why I flung it away.

Why? Am I bidding for glory's roll?

I shall be murdered and clean forgot;  
Is it a bargain to save my soul?

God, whom I trust in, bargains not;  
Yet for the honour of English race,  
May I not live or endure disgrace.

Ay, but the word, if I could have said it,

I by no terrors of hell perplexed;  
Hard to be silent and have no credit

From man in this world, or reward in the  
next;

None to bear witness and reckon the cost  
Of the name that is saved by the life that is  
lost.

I must be gone to the crowd untold  
Of men by the cause which they served  
unknown,  
Who moulder in myriad graves of old ;  
Never a story and never a stone  
Tells of the martyrs who die like me,  
Just for the pride of the old countree.

### III. SOMNIA.

*India, 1857.*

A LATE moon that sinks o'er a river  
 Flowing luminous, languid, and still;  
 Long white tents that shroud men, and shiver  
 In the cold morning breeze from the hill;

Just a thin veil of darkness above you,  
 While the cool quiet hour is your own;  
 Then farewell to the faces that love you,  
 With the fast fading night they'll be gone.

Look up, see above you the star-land  
 Wanes dim with the flush of the dawn,

You are called from your flight to the far  
land,

And your visions must break with the  
morn.

But your soul, by sweet memories haunted,  
Still wanders, forgetful and free,  
To the West, and in echoes enchanted  
Hears the long winding splash of the sea.

Ah, sleep, though the falling dews wet you ;  
Ah, rest in that home while you may ;  
Other scenes, other sounds, shall beset you  
When you wake, and your dreams pass  
away.

When the sun beats aflame on your faces,  
What the old fighters felt, ye shall feel,  
When the pitiless strife of the races  
Flashes out in the smoke and the steel ;

For the plain, bare and burning, lies yonder,  
And perchance, when the war-cloud has  
passed,  
Never more, day or night, shalt thou wander  
And thy sleep shall be dreamless at last.

IV.

AFTER THE SKIRMISH.

*Rohilcund, 1858.*

'MID the broken grass of a trampled glade,  
Where the bayonets met and the fight was  
sorest,  
We had found him lying ; and there we laid  
Our friend in the depth of an Indian  
forest ;

Just as the evening shadow's pall  
Over his grave from the hills came stream-  
ing,  
By the ripped fret and the eddying fall  
Of a snow-fed river, cool and creaming.



With the funeral march still echoing round,  
We had spread the mould o'er his tar-  
gory ;

But as we turned from the shapeless mound  
Sweet rose the music of "Annie Laurie ;"

Full and clear from the pacing band,  
Passionate strain of a love-lorn story,  
How can they breathe it in strangers' land,  
Air of our northern Annie Laurie ?

For he whom we leave in the lonely brake,  
Watched by the Himalay mountains hoary,  
Will not his brain from the death-sleep wake,  
Touched by the magic of Annie Laurie ?

Heaven forbend ! May the earth lie dense  
O'er the heart that beat and the eyes that  
glistened ;

What if a motionless nerve has sense ?  
What if an upturned face had listened ?

Listened! as over his prison close

    Floated that rich, voluptuous cadence,  
Faint with the scent, like an autumn rose,  
    Of youth, and beauty, and soft-hued  
    maidens;

Of a long late eve, and the falling dew;  
    Never again shall the dew-drop wet him;  
Of a woman's hand, and a promise true—  
    Will not the kindest now forget him?

Chaining his spirit's upward flight,  
    Staying his soul, though at heaven's own  
    portal,  
With the soft refrain of a lost delight,  
    With the shadowy charm of a fairy mortal.

Lured by the sensuous melody's spell,  
    Little he recks of the angel's glory;  
Piercing sad is the earth's farewell  
    Sighed in the music of "Annie Laurie."

## V.

## RAJPOOT REBELS

*On the Sardah, 1858.*

WHERE the mighty cliffs are frowning  
 Far o'er the torrents fall,  
 And the pine and the oak stand crowning  
 The ridges of high Nepaul,  
 Sat twenty Rajpoot rebels,  
 Haggard and pale and thin,  
 Lazily chucking the pebbles  
 Into the foaming lynn.

Their eyes were sunken and weary,  
 With a sort of listless woe  
 They looked from their desolate eyrie  
 Over the plains below.

They turned from the mountain breezes  
 And shivered with cold and damp,  
 They were faint with the fierce diseases  
 Of the deadly jungle swamp.

Two had wounds from a sabre  
 And one from an Enfield ball,  
 But no one cared for his neighbour,  
 There was sickness or wounds on all.

The Rajpoot leader rose then .  
 Stiffly and slow from the ground,  
 He looked at the camp of his foes then,  
 And he looked at his brethren round ;

And he said : ' From my country driven  
 ' With the last of my hunted band,  
 ' My home to another given,  
 ' On a foreign soil I stand.

‘ They have burnt every roof in the village,

‘ They have slain the best of my kin,

‘ They have ruined and burnt and pillaged,

‘ And yet we had done no sin ;

‘ Our clans were heady and rude,

‘ Our robbers many and tall,

‘ But our fighting never shed English blood,

‘ Nor harried an English hall.

‘ The king took tithe if he might ;

‘ He was paid by a knave or a fool ;

‘ For we held our lands on a firmer right

‘ Than is given by parchment rule ;

‘ Our fathers of old had cleared it

‘ From the jungle with axe and sword,

‘ Our ancient rights had endeared it

‘ To him who was chief and lord.

‘ Our father’s curse with our father’s land,  
 ‘ Like the wrath of a great god’s blow  
 ‘ May it fall on the head and the iron hand  
 ‘ And the heart of our English foe.

‘ As our fathers fought, we fight ;  
 ‘ But a sword and a matchlock gun,  
 ‘ ‘Gainst the serried line of bayonets bright  
 ‘ A thousand moving like one !

‘ From the banks of Ganges holy,  
 ‘ From the towers of fair Lucknow,  
 They have driven us surely and slowly,  
 ‘ They have crushed us blow on blow.

\* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \*

‘ When the army has slain its fill,  
 ‘ When they bid the hangman cease ;

They will beckon us down from the desert  
hill

‘ To go to our homes in peace.

‘ To plough with a heavy heart,

‘ And, of half our fields bereft,

‘ ‘Gainst the usurer’s oath, and the lawyer’s  
art

‘ To battle that some be left.

‘ At the sight of an English face

‘ Loyally bow the head,

‘ And cringe like slaves to the surly race

‘ For pay and a morsel of bread ;

‘ Toil like an ox or a mule

‘ To earn the stranger his fee —

‘ Our sons may brook the Feringhee’s rule,

‘ There is no more life for me !’

VI.  
MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU  
PRINCE.

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that  
I never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs  
and steps of a God?  
Westward across the ocean, and Northward  
across the snow,  
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what  
do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover  
and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or  
the gusts of a gathering storm;



In the air men hear their voices, their feet on  
the rocks are seen,  
Yet we all say, " Whence is the message, and  
what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the  
censer swings,  
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the  
figures of ancient kings ;  
And the incense rises ever, and rises the  
endless cry  
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards  
loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer  
in a pass of the hills,  
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of  
the shot that kills ;  
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck  
by a hand unknown.

We pray to the trees for shelter, and press  
our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the  
rock frowns hollow and grim,  
And the form and the nod of the demon are  
caught in the twilight dim;  
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on  
the mountain crest,  
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge  
there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which  
is the faithful guide?  
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep  
is the mountain side,  
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the  
wasted breath  
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer  
is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit  
of an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and  
women who died in flame;  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime  
they are spirits who guard our race,  
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a  
marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the  
legion of muttering priests,  
The revels and rites unholy, the dark un-  
speakable feasts!  
What have they wrung from the Silence?  
Hath even a whisper come  
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas!  
for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who  
come from the uttermost sea?

"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what  
is your message to me?"

It is nought but the wide-world story how  
the earth and the heavens began,  
How the gods are glad and angry, and a  
Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities  
where the rulers of India dwell,  
Whose orders flash from the far land, who  
girdle the earth with a spell,  
They have fathomed the depths we float on,  
or measured the unknown main—"  
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say  
that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and  
where shall the dreamer awake?  
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and  
what if the mirror break?

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a  
 tent that is gathered and gone  
 From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve,  
 and at morning are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence  
 the hail and the levin are hurled,  
 But the wind that is swept around us by the  
 rush of the rolling world?  
 The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and  
 bear me to silence and sleep  
 With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting,  
 and voices of women who weep.

VII.

A RAJPOOT CHIEF OF THE OLD  
SCHOOL.

*Moribundus Loquitur.*

AND why say ye that I must leave  
This pleasure-garden, where the sun  
Is baffled by the boughs that weave  
Their shade o'er my pavilion?  
The trees I planted with my hands,  
This house I built among the sands,  
Within a lofty wall which rounds  
This green oasis, kept with care;  
With room for my horses, hawks, and  
hounds,  
And the cool arcade for my ladies fair.

How often, while the landscape flames  
 With heat, within the marble court  
 I lie, and laugh to see my dames  
 About the shimmering fountain sport:  
 Or after the long scorching days,  
 When the hot wind hushes, and falling stays  
 The clouds of dust, and stars are bright,  
 I've spread my carpets in the grove,  
 And talked and loitered the live-long night  
 With some foreign leman light o' love.

My wives—I married, as was fit,  
 Some thirteen of the purest blood—  
 And two or three have germs of wit,  
 And almost all are chaste and good;  
 But all their womanhood has been  
 Hencooped behind a marble screen;  
 They count their pearls and doze—while  
 she,  
 The courtesan, had travelled far,

Her songs were fresh, her talk was free  
Of the Delhi Court, or the Kábul War.

Those days are gone, I am old and ill,  
Why should I move? I love the place;  
The dawn is fresh, the nights are still;  
Ah yes! I see it in your face,  
My latest dawn and night are nigh,  
And of my clan a chief must die  
Within the ancestral rampart's fold  
Paced by the listening sentinel,  
Where ancient cannon, and beldames old  
As the guns, peer down from the citadel.

Once more, once only, they shall bear  
My litter up the steep ascent  
That pierces, mounting stair on stair,  
The inmost ring of battlement.  
Oft-times that frowning gate I've past  
(This time, but one, shall be the last)



Where the tribal dæmon's image stands  
 Crowning the arch, and on the side  
 Are scarlet prints of woman's hands—  
 Farewell ! and forth must the lady ride,

Her face unveiled, in rich attire,  
 She strikes the stone with fingers red,  
 " Farewell the palace, to the pyre  
 We follow, widows of the dead !"  
 And I, whose life has reached its verge,  
 Bethink me of the wailing dirge  
 That day my father forth was borne  
 High seated, swathed in many a shawl,  
 By priests who scatter flowers, and mourn ;  
 And the eddying smoke of the funeral.

Thus did he vanish ; With him went \*  
 Seven women, by the flames set free ;  
 I built a stately monument  
 To shrine their graven effigy :

In front my father, godlike, stands,  
The widows kneel with folded hands ;  
    All yearly rites are duly paid,  
        All round are planted sacred trees,  
And the ghosts are soothed by the spread-  
        ing shade,  
    And lulled by the strain of their obse-  
        quies.

His days were troubled: his curse I earned  
    Full often, ere he passed that arch,  
My father, by his farms we burned,  
    By raiding on the English march ;  
And then that summer I rebelled,  
One fort we seized, and there we held  
    Until my father's guns grew hot ;  
    But the floods and darkness veiled our  
        flight,  
We rode their lines with never a shot,  
    For the matches were moist in the rainy-  
        night.

That's forty years ago; \*and since,  
 With all these wild unruly clans,  
 In this salt wilderness, a prince  
 Of camel-riding caterans,  
 I've sought religiously, Heaven knows,  
 A life of worship and repose,  
 Vext by the stiff ungrateful league  
 Of all my folk in fretful stir,  
 By priests and gods in dark intrigue,  
 And the wasting curse of the sorcerer.

They say I seized their broad estates,  
 Upbraid me with a kinsman's blood : °  
 He led his bands before my gates,  
 And then—it was an ancient feud ;  
 But I must offer gifts, and pray  
 The Brahmin's stain be washed away.  
 Saint and poisoner, fed with bribes,  
 Deep versed in every traitorous plan—

I told them only to kill the scribes,  
But my Afgháns hated the holy man.

Yes, peace is blessed, and prayer is good ;  
My eldest son defied my power ;  
I lost his mother in the wood  
That hides my lonely hunting tower :  
She was a proud unbroken dame :  
Like son, like mother, hard to tame  
Or tire—And so he took the bent,  
His mother's kinsfolk at his heel,  
With many a restless malcontent ;  
There were some had ease, ere I sheathed  
my steel.

The English say I govern ill,  
That laws must silence spear and gun,  
So may my peaceful subjects till ;  
But peaceful subjects have I none.  
I can but follow my fathers' rule,

I cannot learn in an English school ;  
 Yet the hard world softens, and change is  
     best,  
 My sons must leave the ancient ways,  
 The folk are weary, the land shall rest,  
 And the gods are kind, for I end my days.

Then carry me to my castle steep,  
 Whose time is ending with its lord's :  
 Eight months my grandsire held the keep  
     Against the fierce Maratha hordes ;  
 It would not stand three winter suns  
 Before the shattering English guns ;  
 And so these rude old faithful stones,  
     My fathers' haven in high war-tide,  
 Must rive and moulder, as soon my bones  
     Shall bleach on the holy river side.

Years hence, when all the earth is calm,  
 And forts are level, and foes agree

Since feuds must end, to trade and farm,  
And toil, like oxen, patiently ;  
When this my garden palace stands  
A desert ruin, choked with sands,  
A broken well 'mid trees that fade,  
Some traveller still my name may bless,  
The chief long syne that left him shade  
And a water spring in the wilderness.

## VIII\*

## STUDIES AT DELHI, 1876.

## I.—THE HINDU ASCETIC.

HERE as I sit by the Jumna bank,  
 Watching the flow of the sacred stream,  
 Pass me the legions, rank on rank,  
 And the cannon roar, and the bayonets  
 gleam.

Is it a god or a king that comes?  
 Both are evil, and both are strong;  
 With women and worshipping, dancing and  
 drums,  
 Carry your gods and your kings along.

Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth,  
 These are the visions that weary the eye;

These I may 'scape by a luckier birth,  
 Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die.

When shall these phantoms flicker away?  
 Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-  
 swept hill,  
 Like the sounds and colours of yesterday:  
 And the soul have rest, and the air be still.

[*The same done into Greek elegiacs.*<sup>1</sup>]

Ο ΓΥΜΝΟΣΟΦΙΣΤΗΣ.

(PUNJAB, B.C. 327.)

Τίς με βοή, τί θέαμα καθημένον ἐνθάδ' ἰκάνει,  
 γηράσκονθ' ἱεροῦ παρ ποταμοῖσ' ῥοαῖς ;  
 ἀνδρῶν δὲ πυκιναὶ στίχες αἰδ', αἶγλη τε κiónτων  
 ἄσπετος ἐκλάμπει, καὶ κτύπος ἱπποσύνης·

<sup>1</sup> By Sir Frederick Pollock, who has very kindly allowed them to be published.



τῶν θεὸς ἢ βασιλεύς, πάντως κακόν, ἡγεμονεύει·  
 ὕβρις δ' ἡδὲ βίη σχέτλιος ἀμφοτέρων.  
 ἂ δειλοί, βασιλῆα προπέμπετε δαίμονά θ' οὕτω  
 σὺν δούπῳ τυπάνων σὺν τε κορῶν θιάσῳ·  
 μυρία γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἔτεκεν φυσίζοος αἶα,  
 φάσματα καὶ νεφέλην, τοῖς ἐσιδοῦσι πόνον·  
 ὧν ἅπο κὰν γενεῆς ἐπὶ λύονος ἀλλαξαίμην,  
 νήσισι συννοαῖς ἰέμενος θανάτου.  
 ἀλλὰ γένοιθ' ὅτε ταῦτ' ἔρροι πάλιν, ὥστε κονίην  
 ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων ἐσκέδασε ζέφυρος,  
 ψυχὴ θ', ὡς χθεσινῆς μορφῆς φθογγῶν τε λέληθε,  
 νήνεμον ἐξανόοι νήγρετος ἡσυχίην.

## II.—BADMINTON.

Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,  
 Under the Morée battlement's shade;  
 Close to the glacis our game was formed,  
 There had the fight been, and there we  
 played.

Lightly the demoiselles tittered and leapt,  
Merrily capered the players all;  
North, was the garden where Nicholson  
slept,  
South, was the sweep of a battered wall.

Near me a Musalmán, civil and mild,  
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell;  
And he said, as he counted his beads and  
smiled,  
“God smite their souls to the depths of  
hell.”

## IX.

## RETROSPECTION.

1857—1882.

WELL; I've walked the jail, and the Courts

I've seen,

The school is in order, the streets are clean,

And the roads are swept and mended ;

The treasury's right, you've got the keys ?

So now, at the spring of the evening breeze,

Just leave me to linger among those trees,

I'll come when the twilight's ended.

Yes, the garden now looks spruce and trim,

Yet the old trees still, though decayed and  
grim,

Stand waving as if they knew me ;

All else is changed since I saw the ground,  
(How the roses bloom on that sloping  
mound !)

And the long lean branches swaying around  
With their shadowy arms pursue me.

As I cross the flower-bed, laid with taste  
Where the old grove sheltered a sandy waste,  
How soft the geraniums gleam in  
The light of a dusty crimson sky !  
Yes, only the trees remember, and I,  
Things once spoken, and done, hard by  
The spot where we now stand dreaming.

That year when the tempest of mutiny broke,  
And the empire swayed like a storm-bent  
oak,

When the sepoy's gave no quarter ;  
When Islam had risen and Delhi fell,  
And this plain was a furnace hot as hell ;

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When the sepoy's gave no quarter ;  
When Islam had risen and Delhi fell,  
And this plain was a furnace hot as hell ;

We were camped, three English, beside that  
well :

We had nothing but shade and water.

Hour after hour, till the day was spent,  
We had watched our restless regiment,  
And the soldiers whispering round us  
In the glaring noon-tide heat ; and yet  
Our hearts sank low when the red orb set,  
And the soft dark night like a falling net  
In its unseen meshes bound us.

He was my Colonel and she was his wife ;  
We had little comfort or hope in life ;  
And he said " Is it worth complaining,  
As you look at the sullen sepoys' line,  
That they bide but the hour and await the  
sign  
That shall end our cares in the fierce sun-  
shine  
And the ills of a rough campaigning ?

"It shall never be heard in the English host  
That I lost my colours and left my post

From a treacherous band to hide me;  
We are trapped and hemmed in this cursed  
wood,

Yet stand I ready" ('twas there he stood)

"To die as a Christian soldier should,  
With my wife and my friend beside me."

Then he clasped her close in a warm  
embrace,

And he took my hand; but I marked her  
face

And the flashing glance she gave me :  
For the mutinous eyes said, "Life is sweet  
While nerves have courage and hearts can  
beat;

Will you crouch like a hare at the hunter's  
feet,

Will you die like a fool, or save me?"



So I saddled in silence our horses three,  
And I brought them there, to that tamarind  
tree,

And the night, ~~as~~ now, was falling,  
And the air was heavy, as now, with scent,  
And just outside at the sepoy tent  
The armed sentry came and went,  
We could hear his comrades calling ;

And I whispered " Up ; 'twill be lighter soon,  
See the faint foreglow of the rising moon,  
Let your wife mount quick—God speed  
her,

Her Arab can gallop, he needs no lash,  
We can break their line with a sudden dash ;  
But a man may fall when the volleys flash,  
So will you ride last, or lead her ?"

Lightly the lady to saddle sprung ;  
But the other's hand to the bridle clung,

And he said "Do ye all betray me?  
 I serve the Queen, and I trust the Lord;  
 Shall I stain mine honour and break my word?  
 I move not hence while I wear this sword,  
 And I charge you both, obey me."

Then none for a moment spoke or moved;  
 One look she gave me, the woman I loved,  
 And said but one word, "Listen;"  
 As there came one tap of the sepoy's drum,  
 And the light air shook with the tramp and  
     the hum  
 Of a moving crowd, and I said "They come,  
 I can see their bayonets glisten;

"They come; You boast of a soldier's faith,  
 Will it screen your wife from a cruel death?  
 Remember the troth you plighted,  
 And your home in the far-off summer days,  
 And a young life lost for an empty phrase;"

But he said "Wherever I stay, she stays:  
We shall meet our end united."

Then I cried, "'Tis the craze of a fevered  
brain,

Will you take your hand from her bridle rein,  
Will you mount and ride?" "No, never,"

He said, And she bent from her saddle low,  
And she touched my cheek and whispered  
"Go,"

With her eyes all full of despair and woe;  
"Good-bye sweetheart, for ever!"

And then? One shot, and her rein was free,  
And fast and furious I and she

Out of the grove were flying;  
The white smoke rose, and the leaves were  
stirred,

But only the solemn branches heard  
Or sound or motion, of sign or word,  
As he lay beneath them dying.

A shout, a volley, a rushing ride :  
The low moon led us, and side by side  
    We followed from dark to dawning  
Over the streams and the silent plain ;  
All sights and shadows and sounds again  
And figures are flitting across my brain ;  
    And the meeting of eyes at morning.

Yes ; this was the hour, and that was the  
    spot,  
And the mute trees know who fired that shot,  
    But the secret well they're keeping ;  
How they beckon and bend in the gathering  
    gloom  
O'er the sloping mound where the roses  
    bloom !  
Can that be an old forgotten tomb,  
    Is it there that the Colonel's sleeping ?

## X.

## THE AMÎRS SOLILOQUY.

1881.

"Latest news from Afghanistan promises ill for future tranquillity. The Amir has failed in conciliating the Duranis, there is jealousy at Herat . . . the Kohistanis are discontented . . . the Ghilzais are restless, Lughman tribes are showing uneasiness . . . No doubt the situation is far from reassuring, and calls for great tact and administrative ability on the Amir's part."—*Times telegram*, 15th December, 1881.

SCENE.—The Bála Hissar at Kábul. *The*

*Amîr soliloquises :*

THUS is my banishment ended ; it's twelve  
     long years, well nigh,  
 Since I fought the last of my lost fights, and  
     saw my best men die ;

They hunted me over the passes, and up to  
the Oxus stream,

We had just touched land on the far side as  
we saw their spearheads gleam.

Then came the dolorous exile, the life in a  
conquered land

Where the Frank had trodden on Islam ; the  
alms at a stranger's hand ;

While here in the fort of my fathers my  
bitterest foe held sway ;

He was ten years building his kingdom, it  
all fell down in a day.

May he rest, the Amîr Sher Ali, in his tomb  
by the holy shrine ;

The virtues of God are pardon and pity, they  
never were mine ;

They have never been ours, in a kingdom all  
stained with the blood of our kin,

Where the brothers embrace in the war-field,  
and the reddest sword must win.

And yet when I think of Sher Ali, as he lies  
in his sepulchre low,  
How he died betrayed, heartbroken, 'twixt  
infidel friend and foe,  
Driven from his throne by the English, and  
scorned by the Russian, his guest,  
I am well content with the vengeance, and I  
see God works for the best.

But all His ways are warnings; and I, God's  
slave, must heed  
How I bargain for help with the Káfir, or  
lean on a venomous reed;  
For never did chief more sorely need Hēaven  
for his aid and stay  
Than the man who would reign in this  
country, and tame Afgháns for a day.

I look from a fort half-ruined on Kábul  
spreading below,  
On the near hills crowned with cannon, and  
the far hills piled with snow ;  
Fair are the vales well watered, and the vines  
on the upland swell,  
You might think you were reigning in  
Heaven—I know I am ruling Hell.

For there's hardly a room in my palace but  
a kinsman there was killed,  
And never a street in the city but with false  
fierce curs is filled ;  
With a mob of priests, and fanatics, and all  
my mutinous host ;  
They follow my steps, as the wolves do, for a  
prince who slips is lost.

And they eye me askance, the Mollahs, the  
bigots who preach and pray,



Who followed my march with curses till I  
scattered Ayúb that day ;  
They trusted in texts and forgot that the  
chooser of kings is a sword ;  
There are twenty now silent and stark, for I  
showed them the ways of the Lord.

And far from the Suleiman heights come the  
sounds of the stirring of tribes,  
Afreedi, Hazára, and Ghilzi, they clamour for  
plunder or bribes ;  
And Herát is but held by a thread ; and the  
Usbeg has raised Badukshán ;  
And the chief may sleep sound, in his grave,  
who would rule the unruly Afghán.

Shall I stretch my right hand to the Indus,  
that England may fill it with gold ?  
Shall my left beckon aid from the Oxus ? the  
Russian blows hot and blows cold ;

The Afghán is but grist in their mill, and the  
waters are moving it fast,  
Let the stone be the upper or nether, it  
grinds him to powder at last.

And the lord of the English writes, "Order,  
and justice, and govern with laws,"  
And the Russian he sneers and says,  
"Patience, and velvet to cover your  
claws ;"

But the kingdoms of Islam are crumbling,  
and round me a voice ever rings  
Of death, and the doom of my country ;  
Shall I be the last of its kings ?

XI.

THE AMIR'S MESSAGE.

1882.

I.

ABDURRAHMÁN, the Duráni Khán, to the  
Ghilzaie Chief wrote he :

“God has made me Amir of the Afgháns,  
but thou on thy hills art free.

“I rule by the sword and signet, I care <sup>not</sup>  
to flatter or bribe ;

“I take nor fee nor tribute of the noble  
Ghilzaie tribe ;

“Nor pledge nor promise I ask of thee ; I  
pardon, if all men know

“That thy heart has been hard against me,  
and thy friend has been my foe.

“For the sons of Sher Ali are exiles, their  
best men broken or fled,

“And those who escaped are homeless, and  
all whom I found are dead.

“Such is the work of the Merciful, whose  
will is to smite or to save ;

“It is He gives wealth and vengeance, or  
tears at a bloodstained grave.

“Now, while the swords are a moment still,  
ere ever fresh blood shall run,

“I look for a wise man's counsel, and I would  
that Afgháns were one.

“From Mery, last home of the free-lance, the  
clansmen are scattering far,

“And the Turkmán horses are harnessed to  
the guns of the Russian Czar.

“So choose thou of all my liegemen, or  
choose thou of all my host,

“One true man, loyal-hearted, whomever  
thou trustest most,

“Whom thy tribe has known and honoured,  
to bring thee in safety and peace ;  
“Thou shalt ride unscathed to Kábul, and  
the feud of our lives shall cease.”

## II.

The Ghilzaie Chief wrote answer—“Our  
paths are narrow and steep,  
“The sun burns fierce in the valleys, and the  
snow-fed streams run deep ;  
“The fords of the Kábul river are watched  
by the Afreedee ;  
“We harried his folk last springtide, and he  
keeps good memory.  
“High stands thy Kábul citadel, where many  
have room and rest ;  
“The Amirs give welcome entry, but they  
speed not a parting guest ;  
“So a stranger needs safe escort, and the  
oath of a valiant friend ;

“Whom shall I choose of those I know?  
whom ask the Amir to send?

“Wilt thou send the Vazir, Noor Ahmed,  
the man whom the Ghilzaies trust?

“He has long lain lost in a dungeon, his true  
bold heart is dust.

“Wilt thou send the Jamsheedee Ága, who  
was called from the western plain?

“He left the black tents of his horsemen, and  
he led them never again.

“Shall I ask for the Moollah, in Ghuzni to  
whom all Afgháns rise?

“He was bid last year to thy banqueting—  
his soul is in Paradise.

“Where is the chief Faizulla, to pledge me  
the word of his clan?

“He is far from his pine-clad highlands, and  
the vineyards of Kohistán:

“He is gone with the rest—all vanished; he  
passed through thy citadel gate;

“ Will they come now, these I have chosen ?

I watch for their faces and wait ;

“ For the night-shade falls over Kábul, and  
dark is the downward track, ’

“ And the guardian hills ring an echo of  
voices that warn me back ; ,

“ Let the Ghilzaie bide on his mountain, and  
depart, as thy message has said,

“ When but one sure friend the Amir shall  
send,—when the tombs give up their  
dead.”

## XII.

## A SERMON IN LOWER BENGAL

(1864.)

Hajee<sup>r</sup> Mahomed Ghazee *oorf* Moojahid-ood-deen  
 Wahabee, preacher from Arabia *via* Kábul and Swat,  
 addresses the secret assembly.

MEN of the Indian cities who call on the  
 Prophet's name,  
 By our brotherhood in Islam ye besought me  
 and I came,  
 From a country hard and barren to a softly  
 watered land,  
 To a round sky line of harvest from a wilder-  
 ness of sand;



From our bare and barren homesteads, from  
    our feast of dates and milk  
To your palaces, your flesh pots, and your  
    raiment of the silk ;  
From a land of fenced citadels, where blood  
    is lightly shed  
Where a clan must hold its borders, and a  
    man must keep his head ;  
Where the wayfarer benighted, as he nears a  
    village late  
Spies the red spark from the matches of the  
    guard about the gate,  
Where the faithful watch in vain, except the  
    Lord their city keep—  
Here the infidels protect you, and with open  
    door ye sleep.

You have sought my aid and counsel, I must  
    lead you, I must pray

That the God of Islam may restore your old  
imperial sway,  
In the towns your fathers founded, in the  
provinces they named  
May revive a faith forgotten, and the rites  
that ye have maimed ;  
That he prosper your conspiracy and send  
his spirit forth  
On the Arab of the Dekhan and the Afghán  
of the North ;  
So the bayonet be dashed aside with the  
swing of a curved sword  
And ye reap a bloody harvest with the sickle  
of the Lord.  
Can I bid you hope and prosper? Verily  
such things may be  
Men have conquered (nothing doubting)  
greater odds than you shall see ;  
Yea, you Musalmáns are many ; and their  
fighting men are few.

Prayer is good—but practice better—What  
is it that ye can do?

Will ye fight for this fair heritage, this  
empire that ye lost?

Yea, our God is God of battles, and the  
martyrs are his host,

Will ye join that noble army? Will ye rather  
death than shame?

Will ye play for all ye pray for when your  
heads are on the game?

No—your brains are dull with eating, and  
your hearts are choked with lust,

And your seat is loose in saddle, and your  
scimitars are rust.

Ye are cankered by the luxury that keeps  
you rich and weak,

Ye trade in wine and usury—Nay hear, for I  
must speak—

Shall I care for noisy menace, or the weight  
of an Indian blow?

I who stormed the English picket on the  
skirt of Siah Koh,

When the wild Bajour mountain men lay  
choking with their blood

And the Káfirs held their footing, for I slew  
one where he stood.

They are cursed, but so are cowards; and  
when ye can fight as they did

God succours all such Musalmáns; and *then*  
shall ye be aided

When ye gird your loins to harness, and re-  
nounce your gainful ease,

When ye quit your painted Tázeahs and  
pagan heresies—

Ye who bow to graven sepulchres, and adore  
a martyr's stone,

Who pray to a dead hermit, that should pray  
to God alone—

When ye shun the Hindu festivals, the tink-  
ling of the bell,

The dancing, the idolatries, the harlotry of  
hell;

When ye kneel to God in penitence, and  
cringe no more to men,

Ye shall smite the stiff-necked infidel, and  
rule, but not till then.

Then be of courage, oh men; yea though  
here in the darkness is burning

Faintly the light of our faith, by your sins  
and your ignorance dimmed,

Once it was lit by the Lord, and he knoweth  
no shadow of turning,

He shall pour oil at his time, and in season  
the lamp shall be trimmed.

Then shall ye hark to his voice, and start  
from your sleep at the warning

Pealing afar through the land, that spent is  
the last watch of night,

Sound as of bugle in camp, how it rings  
through the chill air of morning  
Bidding the soldier arise, he must wake and  
be armed ere the light.  
Strong must your heart and your hand be, no  
time for soft dreams is before you,  
Woe to the coward who sleeps, when the  
darkness that bound him has flown,  
Firm be your faith and your feet, when the  
sun's burning rays shall be o'er you,  
When the rifles are ranging in line, and the  
clear note of battle is blown.

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

So ye are stirred by my words, ye pardon my  
scorn and upbraiding,  
Eagerly circle me round and ask, will I lead  
an attack?

Nay, though your spirits be willing, your  
flesh is but weak for crusading,  
When I face Englishmen's cannon I want  
better stuff at my back.

## XIII.

## A HARD BARGAIN.

ABDUL KAREEM, the Fadéli sheikh  
 Brought to the Pasha a clean-bred mare  
 All radiant bay with a snow-white flake ;  
 Never a drop but of pure blood there ;  
 “ See her fearless step and her broad eyes  
     gleam,  
 She’s a steed for the Kaliph,” said Abdul  
     Kareem.

Long was the chaffering, loud the discourse,  
 To settle her price was a day’s hard work ;  
 But the man of the desert could stay like his  
     horse,  
 And he wearied the soul of the Stamboul  
     Turk,



Who sent for his treasurer, counted the  
gold—

“Two thousand, I have her, the mare is sold ;

“But the sum is extortionate, double your  
due ;

I am ransomed and robbed by a Bedouin  
thief ;

Should a Musulmán trade like a miserly Jew ?

Should gold be the god of an Arab chief ?

You can take off your booty, my cash with  
my curse ;”

The Arab said nought, as he tied up the  
purse,

But—“One last farewell to the beast I’ve bred,  
To the pride of my house, ere I leave her  
there” ;

So he kissed the star on her stately head—

Then he leapt on the back of the bright  
bay mare,

He shot through the gateway, and rode down  
the street ;

The Pasha sprang up at the clatter of feet ;

Two score troopers in harness stood ;

“ Mount,” cried the Pasha, “ and ride with  
as will,

Bring me the mare back, take his blood ;

“ The money is yours if the man you kill ”—

Down the steep stony causeway they closed  
on him fast,

But he gained the town gate and the desert  
at last.

Mile after mile he canters in front ;

They may gallop in vain, though he's  
always near ;

Is he riding a race, is he leading a hunt ?

Ten lances' length between dogs and deer—

Till he touched the mare's quarter, and  
lowering his hand

Sailed far out of sight o'er the level sand.

Sadly the Pasha rose next day ;

Who is it calls from the court without ?

'Tis the Arab chief on his clean-bred bay,

With her calm wide eye and her unstained  
coat ;

And he said, as he lighted and loosened her  
girth,

“ O Pasha, the gold, is it double her worth ?

“ She has shown you her paces and proved  
her blood ;

You have lamed ten horses her mettle to  
try ;

You have sworn more oaths than a Musul-  
mán should—

Will you choose your cash, or the beast  
to buy,

Or one more heat o'er the desert course ?”

“ Begone,” said the Pasha, “ and leave me  
the horse.”

## XIV.

## JOAB SPEAKETH.

And Benaiah came to the tabernacle of the Lord, and said unto Joab, "Come forth." And he said, "Nay; but I will die here."—*1 Kings*, ii. 30.

## I.

HAIL to the Lion of Judah's tribe,  
 Praise ye him ever in temple and tent,  
 Mercy and grace to his name ascribe:  
 What is the message my King hath sent?

## 2.

Mighty without is the people's din,  
 Solomon, reigneth, they clamour and cry;  
 Here it is quiet the temple within,  
 This is the hour and the place to die.

## 3.

For David, ancient King, is dead  
And, dying, left his latest word  
To Solomon, who rules instead,  
That he should slay me by the sword.  
Why stands Benaiah at the gate?  
For, though I clasp the altar's horn,  
Yet little reck I of my fate,  
The twinge of death I hold in scorn;  
For I am stricken deep in years  
And I have drunk the lees of life;  
Of smiting steel have I no fears,  
My days were passed in deadly strife;

## 4.

And when he gave his son bequest  
(For conscience sake and kingdom's good)  
"Give Joab's age no peaceful rest  
But bring his grey hairs down in blood."  
Small need had David to be told

That Joab like a chief would fall;  
For he and I are comrades old,  
And whether in the days of Saul  
At bay upon the rugged heights  
By all the army's strength assailed,  
Or in the fierce Philistian fights,  
He knew my heart had never quailed.

## 5.

For Solomon—it suits him well  
To slay a man who dared rebel;  
But thou! it seems a cruel thing,  
I was the Captain of thy host,  
O valiant friend and warrior King  
I served thee best, I loved thee most—  
That thou wast careful to bequeath  
A legacy of bloody death,  
In tardy vengeance for the stain  
Of Abner and Amasa slain.  
Thyself—did dead Uriah's wife

Remind thee of my sinful life?

Well ! times are changed, by God his will,  
And Kings alone are free to kill ;  
Yet when he spake the words of doom  
That echoed round his opening tomb,  
Remembering all the by-gone feud  
And fierce revenge of soldiers rude,  
Might David with some touch of ruth  
Recall our stormy days of youth ?  
Of all the hardy outlaw train  
That kept the hill and swept the plain,  
His boldest men-at-arms were three,  
His sister's sons. And ever we  
(For that he was a comrade true  
And better swordsman never drew  
His blade against a champion foe)  
Followed and saw his fortunes grow,  
Until the tribes their monarch hailed,  
So mightily his name prevailed.

## 6.

Did he remember the time, when down on  
his heritage <sup>1</sup> fair  
Ziklag, gift of a King, came Amalek, infidel  
thief?

Harried and ravished and spoilt—we found  
all burning and bare,  
Loud was the cry of the people and sore  
against David the Chief.

Far o'er the sand we pursued, and sharp was  
the fight and the slaughter,  
Many fell off by the track, but we three  
were all to the fore.

Or when a host was defied for a draught of  
Bethlehem's water,<sup>2</sup>  
One was my brother, he went, and Benaiah  
who stands at the door.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Samuel, xxx.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Samuel, xxiii. 15.



Those were the wild old days of war, and  
raids, and disorder,

Who was to reckon his blows, or stickle at  
stabbing a man?

Fighting for freedom and lands, and the city  
of God in our borders,

Judah the Chief of the tribes, and David  
the lord of our clan.

Enemies oft have I killed, but two, I think,  
were the greatest,

Absalom, rebel indeed, and Abner, Captain  
of Saul;

Why should I spare such a prince? Why  
stab not a man whom thou hatest?

David may punish their death, but David  
was raised by their fall.

Yet is my end to be thus—but it stands to all  
ages a token,

Rough is the path of war, and bloody the  
steps to a throne,  
Sharpest the struggle of all when the bonds  
of a nation are broken,  
When house is set against house, and each  
man fights for his own.

Then as they wrestle for rule, and strive in  
the hot death labour,  
When the leader who fails is lost, and the  
flames of rebellion spread,  
A monarch laughs in his heart as he watches  
the swing of a sabre,  
Hears of a traitor slain, nor asks for the  
names of the dead.

But when the throne is firm, and cold are  
the hands that would shake it,  
Soft for the killing of men is the heart of  
the rulers that win ;

Tender for Justice and Law, and hard upon  
him who would break it,

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord<sup>f</sup>—let the  
murderer die in his sin.

Woe to the soldier then, for thus shall his  
zeal be requited.

Trapped by the meshes of law, stabbed by  
the slaves of the quill;

While citizens timid and sleek, whom the  
tale of his deeds affrighted,

Cry that the man of wrath may perish—  
and have their will.

\* \* \* \*

Benaiah, brother in arms, I am pleased it is  
thou that shalt end me;

Warily dost thou approach, knowing my  
cunning at fence?

Nay, but our blood is cold, and I have not  
the heart to defend me,

David has called, and I follow, so slay me  
that I may go hence.

## XV.

## PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

“ When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man : for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.”—*St. Matthew*, xxvii. 19.

*Pilate's wife speaketh (at first to a messenger).*

So you went and you told him my word, as  
he sat on the ivory throne ;

He was troubled and pale as he heard, but  
he gave you an answer? None!

He is dazed and daunted, the Roman, by  
Jews, and the venomous gleam

Of their eyes—can he list to a woman or  
hearken the tale of a dream?

Can he argue of mercy or ruth, while they  
cry for the cross and the rods?

He smiles, and he asks "What is truth?"  
when they show him the signs of the  
gods;

By the washing and wiping of hands he is  
cleansed from the blood of the just;  
As the water is dried upon sands, so a life  
flieth back to the dust.

His gods! they are strong and are bright, he  
believeth in steel and in gold,  
And in one that is fair, Aphrodite, the rest  
are asleep or grown old;  
And the world is the conqueror's prize; so  
feasting and ease are the best;  
And a soul is divine, but it dies that a Roman  
may revel and rest.

For the murderous multitude foam, and the  
palace is pale with alarm;  
He looks, and the pitiless dome of the  
heavens is empty and calm,

He heard not the hurrying sound as of ghosts  
that arose from the deep ;

He saw not the gathering round me of  
terrors that torture sleep.

But they clouded the glass of my brain, the  
Powers of the Air, while I slept,  
Infinite ominous train, out of void into void  
as they swept.

Are the myriad Manes warning that evil  
shall come as a flood ?

Or the kindly divinities mourning for the  
sorrow of innocent blood ?

For above came a crowd and a sighing ; as  
late in the last watch of night,

When in cities besieged is a crying of people  
run wild with affright ;

When the streets are all thronged in the  
gloom, for with day comes slaughter  
and storm,

So my ear rang with voices of doom, and  
mine eye saw a vanishing form.

Then I woke, and the vision was o'er; and a  
breath in the cypresses played,  
And their boughs on the tessellate floor shed  
a moonlit wandering shade;  
The town lay aswoon at my feet, like a  
sepulchre, white and still,  
Faint with the midnight heat from the rocks  
of the sunbeaten hill.

Who is He for whom spectres are risen to  
threaten, and spirits to weep?  
Who is this whom ye bear from your prison,  
the face which I saw in my sleep?  
The hours seem to hover and wait—is a  
Nemesis loading their wings?  
I am stirred by forebodings of fate, and the  
sense of unspeakable things.

Our gods, we adore them with flowers, and  
virginal chanting of lays ;  
They are kind as the sunshine and showers,  
they bless us with fortunate days ;  
Can I kneel to this Lord of a stranger, whose  
face I have seen not or known,  
Who surrounds me with omens of danger ;  
invisible, stern, and alone ?

Ah ! let me hence, let me go from this  
shadowy mystical East,  
From phantoms that prophesy woe, from the  
wild-eyed Syrian priest ;  
From the Spirit around me that dwells not  
on earth nor is fashioned by hand,  
From the maze of enchantment and spell  
that is spread o'er this desolate land.

When shall my forehead be wet with the  
spray of the Western sea ?



When shall my face be set, O Italy, mother,  
to thee ?

Flying the augury tragic that whispers of  
ruin to Rome,

Save me from madness and magic, O gods  
of my hearth and my home !

## XVI.

## I.—EX OCCIDENTE VOX.

MANY a year have my sons gone forth ;  
 Their bones are bleaching in field and  
     flood ;  
 They have carried my name from the ancient  
     North,  
 They have borne 't high through water  
     and blood.

While the mariner's strength, and his ship,  
     might last  
 Steering straight for the Orient lands,  
 Nor sweeping billow nor tearing blast  
 Could wrench the helm from his straining  
     hands ;

And the onward march of my soldiers' line,  
Where was it broken by sword or sun?  
The toil was theirs, and the prize was mine—  
Thus was an empire lost and won.

Now my frontiers march on the Himalay  
snow,  
And my landmarks stand on its loftiest  
crest;  
Where the winds blow soft on the pines  
below,  
There shall my legions halt and rest;

And the men of the cities in all the plain  
From the silent hills to the sounding sea,  
And a thousand tribes in the vast champaign,  
They follow no leader or lord but me.

## II.—WEST TO EAST.

Your life is sad in the dust and the sun,  
You dream and gaze at the brazen sky;  
Let the gods be many, or God be none,  
One Fate stands ever, that all shall die.

Let sorrow or sleep in the shadow lurk,  
We are yet in the range of the broad sun  
rays;  
And the night fast cometh when none shall  
work,  
So strive and be glad in the long light  
days.

‘Fast and Pray,’ said the sages of Ind;  
We know not what penance and prayer  
may give,

For visions are fading, and words are wind ;  
The Faith we bring you is Labour and Live.

Let the hard earth soften, and toil bring ease,  
Let the king be just and the laws be  
strong;

Ye shall flourish and spread like the sheltered  
trees,  
And the storms shall end, and the ancient  
wrong.

Some arms deep rusted, an old world rhyme,  
A broken idol, a ruined fane,  
May linger as waifs of the wild foretime,  
When the gods were cruel and men were  
slain.

The lightning that shivers, the storms that  
sweep,  
The wide full flood, and the drowning  
waves,

Still do ye fear them, and worship and weep?

They are still your gods? They shall be  
your slaves.

Ye have courted them vainly with passion  
and prayer;

Their gifts are but silence and infinite rest;  
If the heavens are empty the earth may be  
fair,

There is one life only, so labour is best.

As the rivers wander and currents change

Till the quickening stream is a barren  
bed,

So the thoughts of men like the waters range

From ways forgotten and worships dead.

Let the temples moulder in gathering sand,

Let the stones lie strewn in the cedar  
grove;

Ye shall rule like gods in a glorious land ;  
Ye shall live by knowledge, and peace,  
and love.

### III.—EAST TO WEST.

O men of the wandering sea-borne race,  
Your venture was high, but your wars are  
done,

Ye have rent my veil, ye behold my face ;  
What is the land that your arms have won ?

Scored with the brand of the blinding heat  
And the wrath divine, and the sins of man,  
And the fateful tramp of the conqueror's feet,  
It has suffered all, since the world began.

The forces that fashion, the hands that mould  
Are the winds fire-laden, the sky, the rain ;  
Will the storms abate or the sun grow cold ?

They are gods no more, but their spells  
remain.

For the sun shall scorch and the fierce winds  
blow,

And the pest strike sudden, and hunger  
slay ;

And if eyes see all that a man shall know,  
What is evil or ease for a passing day ?

If the lords of our life be pleasure and pain,  
And the earth is their kingdom, and none  
may flee,

Ye may take their wages who wear their  
chain ;

I may serve them never ; and sleep is free.

Ye shall float and fade in the world of sense  
As the clouds that hover, the rays that  
gleam :



No hand shows whither, no tongue says  
whence—

Let me rest nor be troubled, if all is dream.

Let the deeps flow round and the darkness  
fall

Over the scenes of your glory and strife ;  
Let the shadows pass from the prison wall  
For a moment lit by the lamp of life ;

For the stories of men and of days that are  
gone,

Of towns now dust, of a vanished race,  
Are but old names carved on the dungeon  
stone ;

They lived, and laboured, and left their  
trace.

And the burden of thought and the travail of  
care

Weigh down the soul in its wandering  
flight;  
The sun burns ever, the plains lie bare;  
It is death brings shade, and the dreamless  
night.

## XVII.

## SÎVA.

*" Mors Janua Vitæ."*

## I.

I AM the God of the sensuous fire  
 That moulds all Nature in forms divine ;  
 The symbols of death and of man's desire,  
 The springs of change in the world, are  
 mine ;  
 The organs of birth and the circlet of bones,  
 And the light loves carved on the temple  
 stones.

## 2.

I am the lord of delights and pain,  
 Of the pest that killeth, of fruitful joys ;

I rule the currents of heart and vein ;  
A touch gives passion, a look destroys ;  
In the heat and cold of my lightest breath  
Is the might incarnate of Lust and Death.

## 3.

If a thousand altars stream with blood  
Of the victims slain by the chanting priest,  
Is a great God lured by the savoury food ?  
I reckon not of worship, or song, or feast ;  
But that millions perish, each hour that flies,  
Is the mystic sign of my sacrifice.

## 4.

Ye may plead and pray for the millions born ;  
They come like dew on the morning grass ;  
Your vows and vigils I hold in scorn,  
The soul stays never, the stages pass ;  
All life is the play of the power that stirs  
In the dance of my wanton worshippers.

## 5.

And the strong swift river my shrine below  
It runs, like man, its unending course  
To the boundless sea from eternal snow;  
Mine is the Fountain—and mine the Force  
That spurs all nature to ceaseless strife;  
And my image is Death at the gates of Life.

## 6.

In many a legend and many a shape,  
In the solemn grove and the crowded street,  
I am the Slayer, whom none escape;  
I am Death trod under a fair girl's feet;  
I govern the tides of the sentient sea  
That ebbs and flows to eternity.

## 7.

And the sum of the thought and the know-  
ledge of man  
Is the secret tale that my emblems tell;

Do ye seek God's purpose, or trace his plan ?

Ye may read your doom in my parable :

For the circle of life in its flower and its fall

Is the writing that runs on my temple wall.

8.

O Race that labours, and seeks, and strives,

With thy Faith, thy wisdom, thy hopes and  
fears,

Where now is the Future of myriad lives ?

Where now is the Creed of a thousand  
years ?

Far as the Western spirit may range,

It finds but the travail of endless change ;

9.

For the earth is fashioned by countless suns,

And planets wander, and stars are lost,

As the rolling flood of existence runs

From light to shadow, from fire to frost.

Your search is ended, ye hold the keys  
Of my inmost ancient mysteries.

## 10.

Now that your hands have lifted the veil,  
And the crowd may know what my symbols  
mean,

Will not the faces of men turn pale  
At the sentence heard, and the vision seen  
Of strife and sleep, of the soul's brief hour,  
And the careless tread of unyielding Power?

## 11.

Though the world repent of its cruel youth,  
And in age grow soft, and its hard law  
bend,

Ye may spare or slaughter; by rage or ruth  
All forms speed on to the far still end;  
For the gods who have mercy, who save or  
bless,

Are the visions of man in his hopelessness.

## 12.

Let my temples fall, they are dark with age,  
Let my idols break, they have stood their  
day;  
On their deep hewn stones the primeval sage  
Has figured the spells that endure alway;  
My presence may vanish from river and  
grove,  
But I rule for ever in Death and Love.



## XVIII.

## LINES FROM THE GERMAN.

MUTE sleeps the singer; he whose ear  
At gates of other worlds had listened oft,  
His song rolled forth like mountain torrent  
near;  
Or lulled, like far-off fountain murmuring  
soft.

Thou sleepest still, thou sleepest calm,  
Though over thee the storm and zephyr  
blow;  
The storm that swelled thy strain to war's  
alarm,  
The breath, that in thy lay of love sighed  
low.

## XIX.

## AMOR IN EXTREMIS.

*A garrison story of a hundred years ago.*

A LAUGH when I wanted a smile, a sting in  
 the honey of play,  
 A flout at my fustian jacket—and I left my  
 home that day;  
 Left all to go a-soldiering, and 'listed for the  
 war,  
 To sail to the far East Indies, and to see my  
 love no more.

But the frigates lay at anchor, and our time  
 was drawing nigh,  
 Her face was always haunting me, I'd never  
 said good-bye;

So I swam ashore one summer night, a mile  
from ship to sand ;  
O the silvery play of the moonlit spray, and  
the scent of the silent land !

I watched her cottage window till at dawn  
the roses stirred ;  
I saw the casement open, I caught a whisper'd  
word ;  
But who comes from the door below ? I  
started from my place,  
And the captain of our company I met him  
face to face.

I strode full front across his path ; he bade  
me stand aside,  
Said he knew me a deserter ; so I told him  
that he lied ;  
Our fight was fair and open, for I struck  
when he struck me,

And at last I left him lying with his head on  
Lucy's knee.

Little care have I to pity him, who in the  
cool grey light

In her arms lay there a-dying that had  
clasped him all the night—

While to me the end comes wearily in prison  
here alone,

For the dark hours pass me vainly, and at  
sunrise I'll be gone.

Farewell to you, my comrades, and to-  
morrow, when I'm shot,

To Lucy take this kerchief with her own true-  
lover's-knot;

She'll be luring other sweethearts soon; she  
knows the scarlet streak

Of two men's blood on her winsome head  
will only flush her cheek.

She may weep for a space, and think of my  
face (she seemed now and then to  
love it)

All splintered through with a bullet or two,  
and a barrow of earth above it ;

And perhaps I may sigh if I think, as I lie  
with a coffin for bed and room,  
Of her chamber sweet, and the rustle of feet  
and Lucy in all her bloom.

Yet I'd rather stay six feet in clay, where the  
weeds and brambles grow,

Than be sitting aloft in cloudland, with the  
goods folks all in a row ;

For I don't take a pride in my singing, nor  
parades with the heavenly host,

I'd sooner be left in the village to wander  
about like a ghost.

Like a ghost ! But my love whom I died for—  
O years of my life that are shorn,

O the odour of far-off summers, the glory of  
days unborn !

Shall I still see the earth and its beauty, and  
meet her by meadow or fell ?

Alas ! for the living know not, and the dead  
men cannot tell.

The parson he says, ' To the Lord give praise,  
you're ready and fit to depart ;

Your repentance is sore, be troubled no more,  
nor think of your frail sweetheart ;

You'll soon be on high with the cherubs, so  
get that girl from your head ;

Talk no more about Lucy, her sins are as  
scarlet red.'

Ah, but I want my darling, and her soul with  
my own to deliver ;

God must not be hard on my sweetheart, but  
pardon, as I forgive her.

He gave her the face like an angel to drive  
men to fury and woe,  
And I can't lose her here and hereafter, so  
whither she's sent I must go.

Let me go, with the Dead March beforehand,  
to settle the score of our guilt ;  
No use looking back on a lost life, or crying  
o'er blood that is spilt.  
But will she live on to forget me? She's  
fickle and soft as the wind ;  
I wish I had killed her also, for now I must  
leave her behind.

## XX.

## THE LAND OF REGRETS.

"Yea, they thought scorn of that pleasant land."

*Psalms.*

WHAT far-reaching Nemesis steered him  
 From his home by the cool of the sea?  
 When he left the fair country that reared him,  
 When he left her, his mother, for thee,  
 That restless, disconsolate worker  
 Who strains now in vain at thy nets,  
 O sultry and sombre Noverca!  
 O Land of Regrets!

What lured him to life in the tropic?  
 Did he venture for fame or for pelf?  
 Did he seek a career philanthropic?  
 Or simply to better himself?



But whate'er the temptation that brought him,  
Whether piety, dulness, or debts,  
He is thine for a price, thou hast bought him,  
O Land of Regrets !

He did list to the voice of a siren,  
He was caught by the clinking of gold,  
And the slow toil of Europe seemed tiring,  
And the grey of his fatherland cold ;  
He must haste to the gardens of Circe ;  
What ails him, the slave, that he frets  
In thy service? O Lady *sans merci* !  
O Land of Regrets !

From the East came the breath of its odours  
And its heat melted soft in the haze,  
While he dimly descried thy pagodas,  
O Cybele, ancient of days ;  
Heard the hum of thy mystic processions  
The echo of myriads who cry,

And the wail of their vain intercessions,  
Through the bare empty vault of the sky.

Did he read of the lore of thy sages?  
Of thy worship by mountain and flood?  
Did he muse o'er thy annals? the pages  
All blotted with treason and blood;  
Thy chiefs and thy dynasties reckon?  
Thy armies—he saw them come forth  
O'er the wide stony wolds of the Dekhan,  
O'er the cities and plains of the North.

He was touched with the tales of our glory,  
He was stirred by the clash and the jar  
Of the nations who kill *con amore*  
The fury of races at war;  
'Mid the crumbling of royalties rotting  
Each cursed by a knave or a fool,  
Where kings and fanatics are plotting,  
He dreamt of a power and a rule;

Hath he come now, in season, to know thee ;  
Hath he seen, what a stranger forgets,  
All the graveyards of exiles below thee,  
O Land of Regrets ?

Has he learnt how thy honours are rated ?  
Has he cast his accounts in thy school ?  
With the sweets of authority sated,  
Would he give up his throne to be cool,  
Doth he curse Oriental romancing,  
And wish he had toiled all his day,  
At the Bar, or the Banks, or financing,  
And got damned in a common-place way ?

Thou hast racked him with duns and diseases,  
And he lies, as thy scorching winds blow,  
Recollecting old England's sea breezes  
On his back in a lone bungalow ;  
At the slow coming darkness repining  
How he girds at the sun till it sets,

As he marks the long shadows declining  
O'er the Land of Regrets.

Let him cry, as thy blue devils seize him,  
O step-mother, careless as Fate,  
He may strive from thy bonds to release him,  
Thou hast passed him his sentence—Too  
Late;  
He has found what a blunder his youth is,  
His prime what a struggle, and yet  
Has to learn of old age what the truth is  
In the Land of Rêgret.

## XXI.

## SEQUEL TO "MY QUEEN."

*"When and where shall I earliest  
meet her, &c., &c."*

YES, but the years run circling fleeter,  
Ever they pass me—I watch, I wait—  
Ever I dream, and awake to meet her;  
She cometh never, or comes too late.

Should I press on? for the day grows  
shorter—

Ought I to linger? the far end nears;  
Ever ahead have I looked, and sought her  
On the bright sky line of the gathering  
years

Now that the shadows are eastward sloping,  
 As I screen mine eyes from the slanting  
 sun,

Cometh a thought—It is past all hoping,  
 Look not ahead, she is missed and gone.

Here on the ridge of my upward travel  
 Ere the life line dips to the darkening vales,  
 Sadly I turn, and would fain unravel  
 The entangled maze of a search that fails.

When and where have I seen and passed her?  
 What are the words I forgot to say?  
 Should we have met had a boat rowed faster?  
 Should we have loved, had I stayed that  
 day?

Was it her face that I saw, and started,  
 Gliding away in a train that crossed?  
 Was it her form that I once, faint-hearted,  
 Followed awhile in a crowd and lost?

Was it there she lived, when the train went  
sweeping

Under the moon through the landscape  
hushed?

Somebody called me, I woke from sleeping,  
Saw but a hamlet—and on we rushed.

Listen and linger—She yet may find me  
In the last faint flush of the waning light—  
Never a step on the path behind me;  
I must journey alone, to the lonely night.

But is there somewhere on earth, I wonder,  
A fading figure, with eyes that wait,  
Who says, as she stands in the distance  
yon<sup>d</sup>er,  
'He cometh never, or comes too late?'

## XXII.

## A NIGHT IN THE RED SEA.

THE strong hot breath of the land is lashing  
 The wild sea-horses, they rear and race ;  
 The plunging bows of our ship are dashing  
 Full in the fiery south wind's face.

She rends the water, it foams and follows,  
 And the silvery jet of the towering spray,  
 And the phosphor sparks in the deep wave  
 hollows,  
 Lighten the line of our midnight way.

The moon above, with its full-orbed lustre,  
 Lifting the veil of the slumberous land,  
 Gleams o'er a desolate island cluster,  
 And the breakers white on the lonely sand.



And a bare hill-range in the distance frowning  
Dim wrapt in haze like a shrouded ghost,  
With its jagged peaks the horizon crowning,  
Broods o'er the stark Arabian coast.

See, on the edge of the waters leaping,  
The lamp, far flashing, of Perim's strait  
Glitters and grows, as the ship goes sweeping  
Fast on its course for the Exile's Gate.<sup>1</sup>

And onward still to the broadening ocean  
Out of the narrow and perilous seas,  
Till we rock with a large and listless motion  
In the moist soft air of the Indian breeze.

And the Southern Cross, like a standard  
flying,  
Hangs in the front of the tropic night,  
But the Great Bear sinks, like a hero dying,  
And the Pole-star lowers its signal light ;

<sup>1</sup> Báb el Mandeb.

And the round earth rushes toward the  
morning,

And the waves grow paler and wan the  
foam,

Misty and dim, with a glance of warning,

Vanish the stars of my northern home.

Let the wide waste sea for a space divide me,

Till the close-coiled circles of time unfold,

Till the stars rise westward to greet and  
guide me,

When the exile ends, and the years are  
told.

XXIII,  
 CHARLES'S WAIN.

*To a Child.*

*" By this the Northerne wagoner had set  
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre  
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,  
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre  
 To all who in the wide deepe wandering erre—"*  
*Faerie Queene.*

IN the early spring, as the nights grow  
 shorter,  
 Some clear cold eve when the clouds are  
 high,  
 Just as you're going to bed, my daughter,  
 Linger, and look at the northern sky ;  
 There you will see, if the stars you're wise in,  
 Over the edge of the darkened plain

One by one in the heavens uprising  
The seven bright beacons of Charles's  
Wain.

All the night long you may watch them  
turning,  
Round in their course by the polar star;  
Slowly they sink and at dawn are burning  
Low on the line of the world afar.

Often they guide me, by dim tracks wending,  
In the evenings late, to an Indian tent,  
Or the stars, as I wake, are to earth de-  
scending;  
Just as they touch it, the night is spent.

Then, as they dip, I may take their warning,  
Saddle and ride in the silent air;  
Swiftly they vanish, and cometh the morning,  
Cometh the day with its noise and glare.

But the Wain's last lustre fitfully glances  
O'er shadowy camels, who softly pace,  
On the watchman's fire, and the horsemen's  
lances,  
Or a wayside mere with a still wan face.

Thus, when you look at the 'seven stars  
yonder  
Think, nor in years that will come, forget,  
Here in the dark how often I wander,  
Sleep when they rise, and start as they set.

In the West there is clanging of clocks from  
the steeple,  
Ringing of bells and rushing of train;  
In the East the journeys of simple people  
Are timed and lighted by Charles's Wain

## XXIV.

\*  
INSCRIPTION

(*To Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, in a volume of  
Essays on India*).

YOU who in mimic camp or court,  
 'Mid scenes of grief or gaiety,  
 Our Shakespeare's story, verse,\* and thought  
 \* Interpret to the laity—  
 Whose life through moods intense must range  
 With little pause or leisure,  
 Whose Art, with many a ringing change,  
 Strikes all the chords of pleasure ;  
 The song, the sportive wit refined,  
 The subtle grace and fashion  
 Of voice or step that charm the mind  
 And trick the springs of passion.

Why should you read of ancient rites,  
The worships of a rude land,  
The haunting ghosts, the wandering sprites,  
The gods of hill and woodland?  
Of prayers that, bowed to stock or stone,  
The simple sad believer  
Chants in his mystic monotone  
Before the shrine of Sîva—  
The endless quest, the hopeless faith  
Of India's saints and sages ;  
The alternating life and death  
Through myriad forms and stages.

Yet, an you like it, read and know  
Old India's wisest saying—  
This world is but a scenic show,  
And Life is Nature playing.

## XXV.

## THE MONK AND THE BIRD

IN a valley, encircled by endless wood  
 Silent and sombre a convent stood ;  
 In front a garden ; beyond the pale  
 The forest spread over hill and dale,  
 And its paths were seldom trod.

One summer evening of ages gone  
 A grey monk worked in the garden alone  
 Heavily turning the deep clay soil ;  
 And his breath came hard with the straining  
     toil.

As he prayed aloud to God ;

“Alas,” cried he, “for the path is steep  
 “And the goal is far and the slow hours  
 creep ;



“When shall I finish the tale of my years  
“Of days in silence and nights in tears  
“And come to my promised rest?”

He lifted his face to the comforting sky  
And he saw where sat in a tree hard by  
A bird whose plumes like the rainbow shone,  
It sang three notes with a silvery tone;  
And as if to a new-built nest

Over the garden he saw it flit  
Into the forest; and there it lit;  
Again in the leaves its song he heard,  
He was fain to follow the beautiful bird,  
And he entered the woodland maze;

The bird flew slowly from bough to bough  
Up the valley side to the low hill's brow;  
From the spreading beech on the mossy  
bank

To the willow weeping o'er marsh pools  
dank

He could but follow and gaze.

Ever it fluttered above his head,  
Ever he looked and was lingering led  
Through grassy glades and tangled woods  
Deep into shady solitudes

Of many a fern clad hollow.

For he thought that a bird so rich and rare  
Never had floated on summer air,  
He could not lose it, he needs must roam  
It seemed to beckon and bid him come,

He could not choose but follow.

At last on a wych elm, gnarled and grey,  
As the monk drew nearer, it seemed to stay,  
Then spread its wings for a sudden flight  
Over the tree-tops, out of his sight ;

And he turned back drearily.

He reached his garden in twilight dim,  
The trees looked gaunt and the convent  
grim,

He rang at the gate as vesper tolled  
And the porter opened it, blind and old,  
And he entered wearily.

But the hall had suffered a secret change ;  
With unknown faces and accent strange  
The monks rose up as they heard his name,  
They asked his errand and whence he came ;  
And he told them his tale forlorn.

Some counted their beads, one muttered a  
prayer,

He knew not why they should gather and  
stare,

He stood in the midst like one distraught,  
And the friendly voices in vain he sought  
Of the freres he had left that morn.

At last came the Abbot, aged and bent ;  
He scanned his features with eyes intent ;  
And he cried, " Be it he or his wandering  
ghost "

" 'Tis the face of the monk in the forest lost  
" Some forty summers ago !

" Is he roaming still, though the mass was  
said

" And the requiem sung for a brother dead ?

" Does he dream he has rambled this livelong  
day ?

" 'Tis two score years since he vanished  
away "—

But the monk gave answer none,

Save only he said, " Have I journeyed so  
long ?

" Welcome at last is the evensong ;

" Let me take the sleep I have earned so  
well "—

And he died that night in his ancient cell,  
And the brethren closed his eyes.

So his prayer was granted; from youth to age  
God shortened the term of his pilgrimage;  
The sad years passed like a day's sunlight,  
And the sweet-voiced bird with the plumage  
bright  
Was a Bird of Paradise.

## XXVI.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

I.—ÆQUAM MEMENTO REBUS IN ARDUIS—

*Lib. II., Ode III.*

KEEP up your spirits in grief, my friend,  
 And an equal temper, if luck runs low:  
 When times grow better and fortunes mend,  
 Don't be too ready to chuckle and crow;  
 For whether you swelter the live-long day  
 Toiling under an Indian sun,  
 Or whether you lie amid English hay  
 Drinking the summer hours away—  
 What will it matter?—when life is done.

Where the spreading beech, and the poplar  
 tall  
 Join their boughs o'er a shady nook,

Just as the slanting waterfall

    Hurries the flow of the gliding brook,

Carry my wine to that cool green bower,

    Light me a leaf of choice 'Manille,'

Cull me the rose which blooms for an hour,

While lasts our money, and life's \* young  
    flower,

    While the Fates still pity and spare us still.

Soon you must leave your favourite wold,

    And the pleasant villa by Isis laved,

And the heir will reckon your piles of gold,

    Hardly won, and thriftily saved.

Be you a wretched labouring kerne

    Or a Baron rich with a blazoned coat,

Soon as your lot is drawn from the urn

Go you must—there is no return,

    When you have stepped into Charon's boat.

## II.—SEPTIMI GADES ADITURE MECUM.

*Hor., Lib. II., Ode VI.*

The Return from Furlough.

CHARLEY—it's time that we were away,  
 Well I know you will come with me,  
 We must be tossing in Biscay's Bay,  
 Cross the desert, and steam away  
 Down the Gulf to the Indian Sea.

Ah! that hamlet in Saxon ~~Kent~~,  
 Shall I find it when I come home  
 With toil and travelling well nigh spent,  
 Tired with life in jungle and tent,  
 Eastward never again to roam?

Pleasantest corner the world can show,  
 In a vale which slopes to the English sea;  
 Where strawberries wild in the woodland  
 grow,



And the cherry-tree branches are bending  
     low,

No such fruit in the South country.

Winter melting in spring sunshine,  
     Flowering hops in the autumn vale ;  
 Little care we for the trailing vine,  
 Mightier drink than Gascon wine  
     Foams in the tankard of Kentish ale.

Shelter for me, and for you, my friend,  
     " There let us settle when both are old,  
 And whenever I come to my journey's end  
 There you shall see me laid, and blend  
     Just one tear with the falling mould.

III.—SÆPE MECUM TEMPUS IN ULTIMUM.

*Lib. II., Ode VII.*

Furlough, 1861.

AH Frank, with whom often reclining  
Under canvas at close of the day,  
In a very loose uniform dining,  
I have drank the short twilight away.

With whom through those perilous shindies  
I rode in the days of old Clyde—  
What has brought you at last from the  
Indies,  
To your country and quiet fire-side?

'Twas with you that I bolted from Delhi,  
When our soldiers joined arms with the foe,  
And, basely shot down in the *melée*,  
The best of our mess were laid low:

But saved by kind Fate from the shooting, I  
     Was sent from the battle-field far,  
 While you the high flood tide of mutiny  
     Swept off down the torrent of war.

Then a banquet in honour preparing,  
     'Tis meet that we gratefully dine ;  
 Come, rest your worn limbs this armchair in,  
     And try just a glass of this wine.

We'll drown all our sorrows in claret,  
     In balmy care-soothing Lafitte,  
 (I have broached it for you, so don't spare it,)  
     And a thimble of *eau-de-vie* neat.

Let propriety go to the devil,  
     Be Anonyma queen of the feast—  
 I can't see the harm of a revel,  
     With a friend who is home from the East.

IV.—EHEU! FUGACES, POSTHUME, POSTHUME!

*Hor., Lib. II., Ode XIV.*

ALAS, old friend, that each year

Of our life is rapidly flying!

No charity softens the sentence drear

Of wrinkles, and age, and dying.

You may fill with gold the church plate

Each Sabbath-day morn in the portal,

You can never appease remorseless Fate,

Who laughs at the tears of a mortal.

Monarchs and warriors stout,

She holds them all in her tether,

So whether you now be a lord or a lout,

We must travel that road together.

A prince of lofty birth,

Or a half-starved labouring slave,

You've had your share of the bountiful earth,  
You'll both be one in the grave.

In vain you keep clear of your foes,  
Are cautious in crossing the Channel,  
Stay at home when the piercing east wind  
blows,  
And wrap up your chest in flannel.

You must go from your hall and estate,  
Of your loving wife they'll bereave you;  
They may plant some yew at the sepulchre  
gate,  
But that will be all they'll leave you.

The heir will inherit your keys,  
And deep from the bins he'll fish up  
The Madeira you thought to drink at your  
case,  
And port laid down for the Bishop.





